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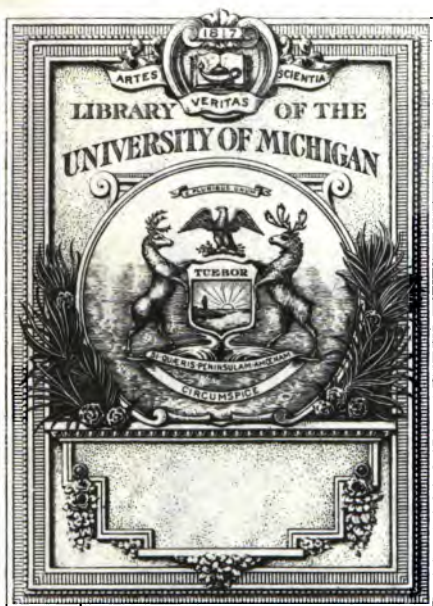
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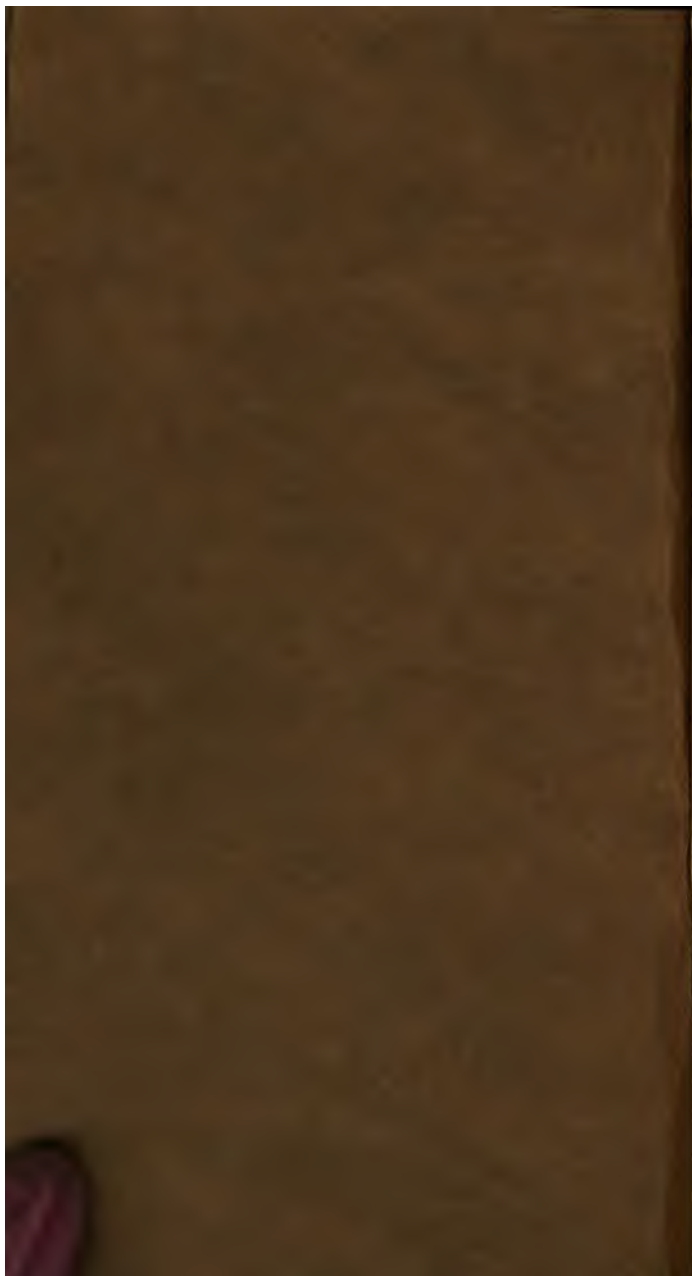


**BEQUEST OF  
DANIEL L. QUIRK, JR.**

*Humorous Monologues*

BY

DORIS KENYON

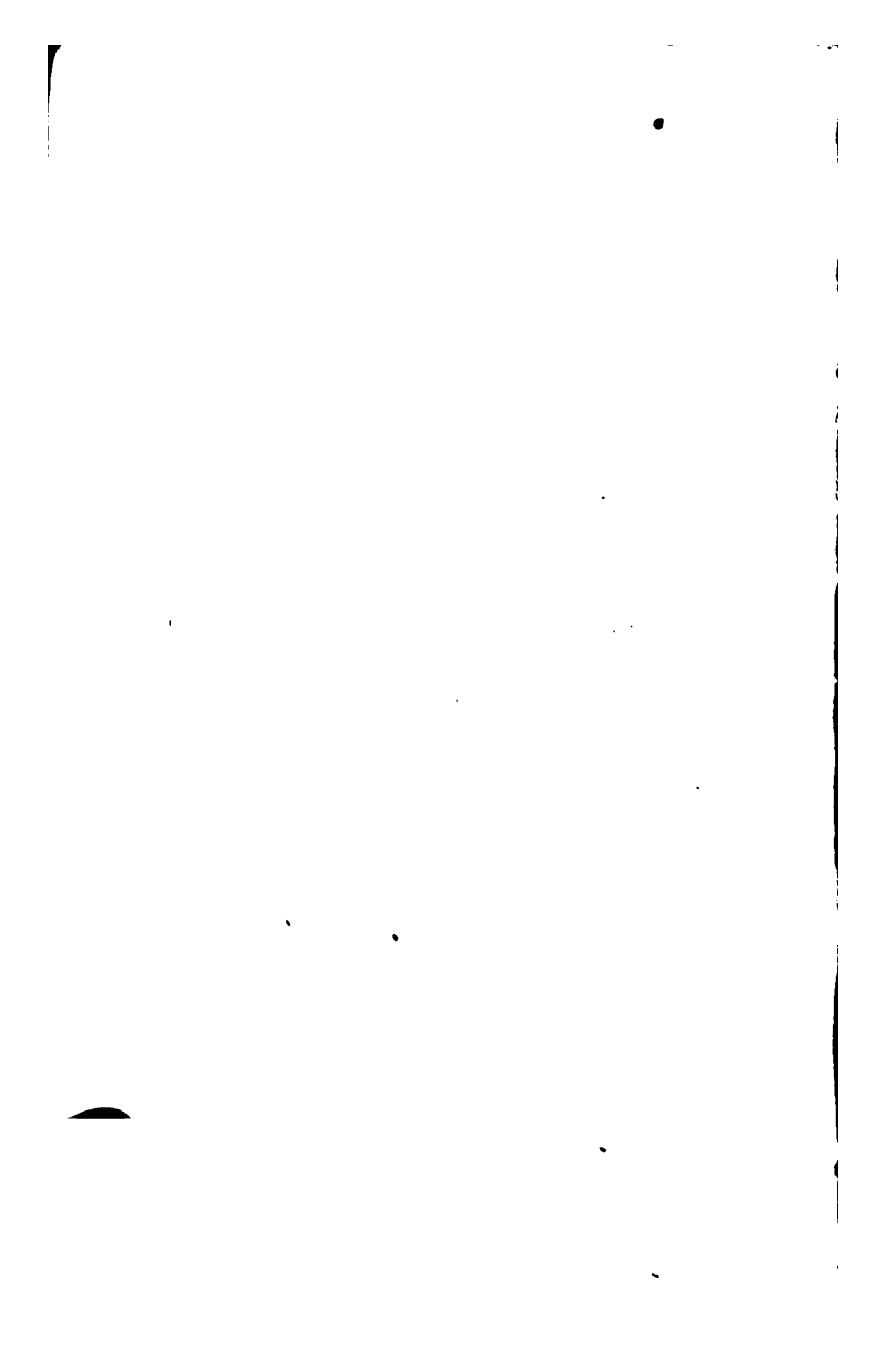


Daniel L. Quent

April 1822

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HUMOROUS MONOLOGUES



# Humorous Monologues

BY

Margaret  
DORIS KENYON

*(Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged)*

JAMES T. WHITE & CO.  
NEW YORK  
1921

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## FOREWORD

These humorous dramatic sketches were used by their author at entertainments for our soldiers in various opera houses in New York City, during the war period, and were received with great favor.

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gift  
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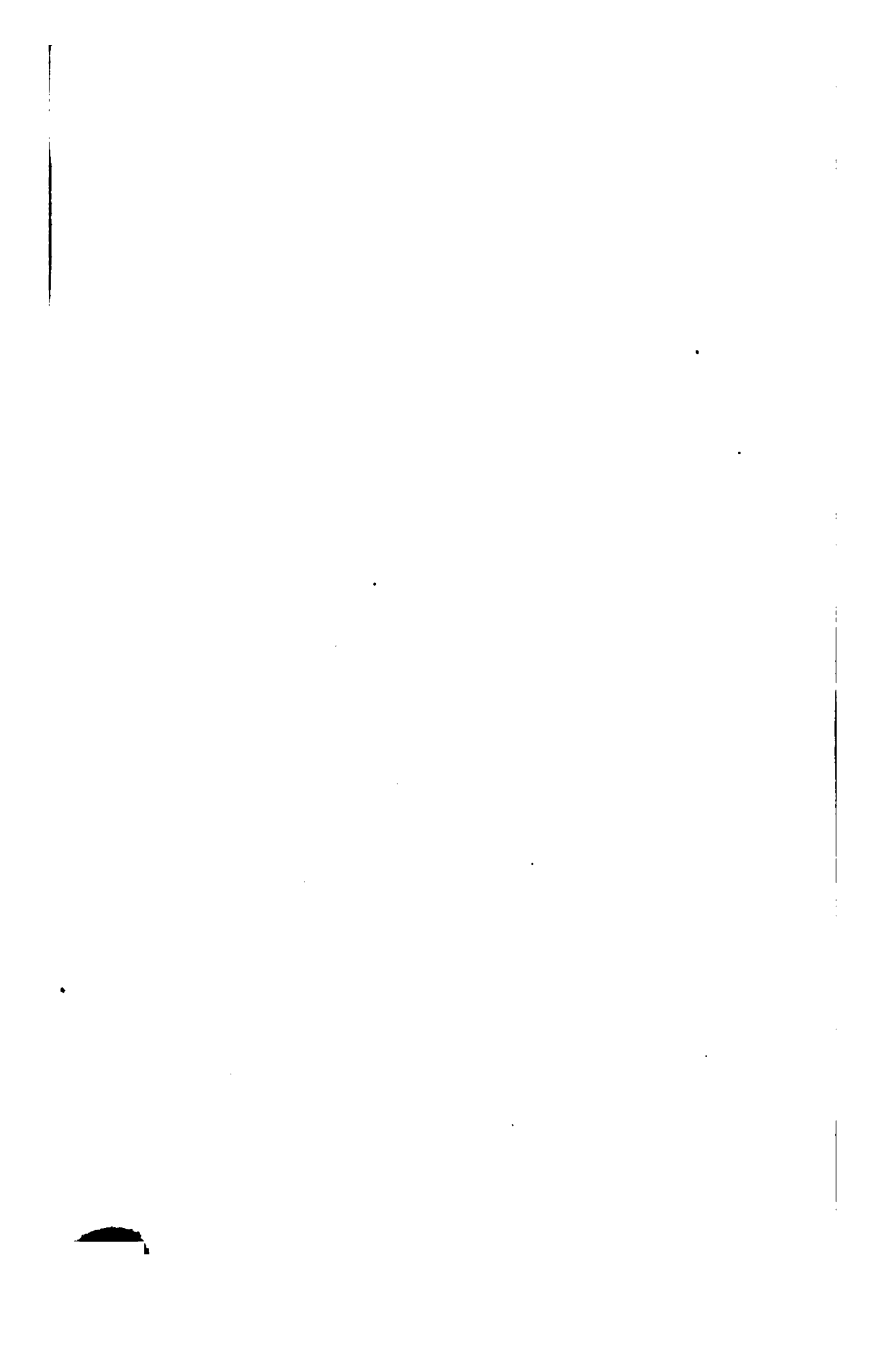
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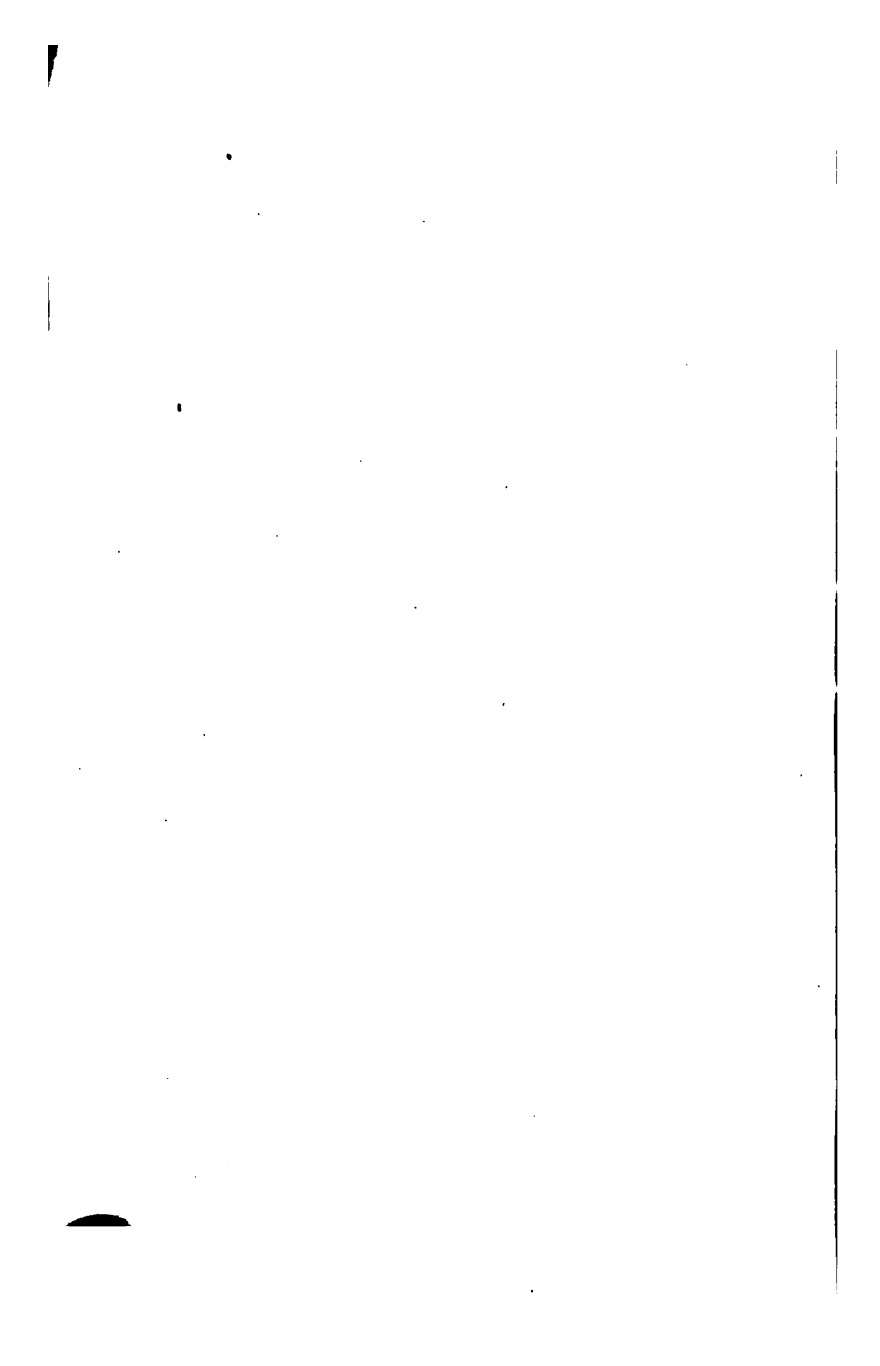
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THE NEWLY-WEDS GO FISHING



## THE NEWLY-WEDS GO FISHING

(MRS. HERBERT HANOVER *speaking.*)

My! this is such a pretty brook!

(*Takes powder-puff from neck of dress and powders nose while looking in brook.*)

And I can see in it real well considering it's only a brook.

(*Replaces puff and points at stream.*)

Is that the spot I'm going to fish in? Mercy, Herbie, it looks too black. I don't think any fish would stay in such a gloomy place as that.

(*Looks in brook.*)

Well, I can't see any. What? Why no, of course I didn't expect them to come up and bite me. But I did think I would be able to see one or two, so I would know just where to drop my hook. Well, give me my pole, Herbie.

(*Reaches out hand, seats herself and places pole between knees.*)

My! this is so thrilling! It was so sweet and dear of you to bring me, darling, I've got little shivers all up and down my spine.

(*Holds out hand towards HERBIE.*)

Now give me the little bug to put on the hook. Oh yes,

I mean worm. Oh, mercy no! I'm not afraid to bait it, the way most women are! You see—just as you've said yourself, Herbie—I'm different.

*(Tries to bait hook.)*

I can't get it in the end of him, he wiggles so! Ugh! stop squirming, you slimy thing! Oh dear! Here Herbie, you do it, I don't like to mistreat the little thing.

*(Watches a moment.)*

Why, Herbie Hanover, you've cracked him right in two pieces. Now I call THAT cruelty to animals. Well, I'm glad that spasm is over.

*(Removes pole from between knees.)*

I expect that worm will catch at least half a dozen.

*(Casts line into brook.)*

Now for the heavenly moment when I land one!

*(Fishes and feels flies on neck.)*

There seem to be so many little bugs tickling my neck!

*(Slaps at mosquito on ankle.)*

I should die of shame if I got a mosquito bite!

*(Yawns, lets pole sink into water.)*

Oh! must I keep the end of my pole out of the water?

*(Tilts up pole.)*

No, I don't s'pose fish would bite the end of the pole. Fishes are such cowards!

*(Yawns and looks bored. Slaps mosquito on ankle again.)*

Haven't any fish bitten you yet, Herbie? No, I can't stop talking. It's bad enough to sit still and

wear one's patience out; but as for not talking—not for me. The sound of one's own sweet voice always keeps one interested.

*(Suddenly looks about with startled eyes.)*

I hope there are no wild animals in these woods. You didn't bring your gun, did you?

*(Startled by tug at line.)*

Oh, Herbie, something wiggled. Huh! well I am letting him have the bait—he can have all he wants. Oh, Herbie, I do believe that fish has fastened himself on that hook. Oh, I saw him then, he's beautiful. Here, you take the pole and get him in. Well, all right, but what'll I do? Snap him up? All right—here goes.

*(She gives a quick jerk and line with tiny fish catches on limb of tree.)*

Oh, Herbie, there now, he's caught on a branch of that tree! How unfortunate! Do you suppose you can climb up and untangle him. Just think, all this work over such a disgustingly tiny thing as that. But, Herbie, now that I've got him, that far, you might just as well climb up and get him down and finish the affair. Suppose you just climb up and try anyway.

*(Watches anxiously as HERBIE starts to climb tree.)*

Heavens! Herbie, don't fall. Oh, did you hurt your leg?

*(Gasps.)*

Oh, you've torn your socks, and they are'n't paid for yet? Look out—there, you've reached him!

*(Suddenly startled as fish drops off and splashes into water.)*

Why, Herbie, you've made him drop off—Think of losing him after all my EXHAUSTING work, too!

*(Throws down pole and starts to cry.)*

I feel dreadful—my nerves are all unstrung and my whole day is spoiled.

*(Searches for handkerchief, then turns on HERBIE.)*

Stop gaping up there like a monkey and come down out of that tree and take me home. You're the most inconsiderate human I've ever known. I've threatened so many times to leave you and go home to Mama and I certainly am tempted again! That one fish would have been enough for our dinner. You could have had the head part and I'd have had the rest. Come on, let's go home.

*(Feels nose.)*

I feel some freckles coming and I knew my neck would blister. But let me tell you one thing, Herbert Hanover, it will be many a long day before you get me to go fishing with you again.

*(Gasps, astonished at HERBIE.)*

Why, Herbie, you said "Hell" and I haven't said one thing to make you mad. Besides, I had all the work of catching the fish and just think it was—

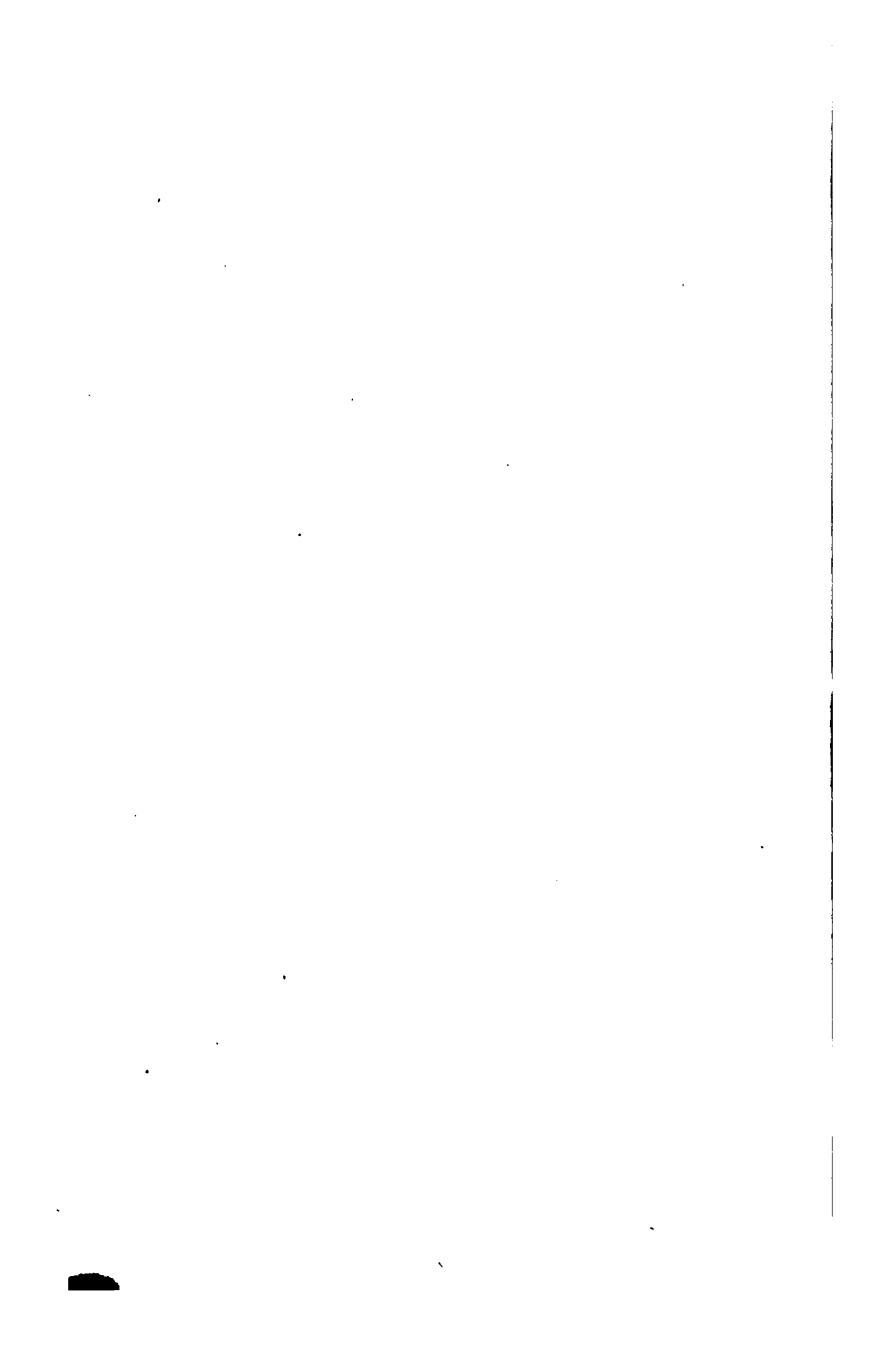
*(Measures with two hands.)*

Oh, I don't know—but—but—it was easily THAT long.

*(Stretches hands out about four feet.)*



AN EPISODE FROM REEL LIFE



## AN EPISODE FROM REEL LIFE

### Cast

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL, *the director.*

Mlle. PAULETTE, *the star, a French vampire.*

HARRY HANDSOME, *the hero.*

ETHLYN, *the blushing ingenue.*

PLACE: *A Motion picture studio.*

MR. KNOW-IT-ALL

Eleven o'clock, and my actors not here yet! I tell you, I'm oing to have different works from now on. When that vamp gets to vamping into her clothes in the morning it's an all day job.

*(Pacing furiously up and down. Takes watch from pocket.)*

This delay costs me just \$2.63 every minute. Talk about making money in the movies—all rot.

*(Sees PAULETTE approaching.)*

Well, star, did you finally remember you were working in the moves for a paltry \$10,000 a week and decide to pay us a little visit? It's only eleven—

PAULETTE

*(Vamping.)*

Ah, bon jour, Monsier, you are cross, out? I have

beezness, my couturiere, she fit my gown zis morning.

*(Sighs heavily.)*

I am très fatigué.

*(Looking at wrist watch.)*

We mus' hurry becaus' I have ze engagement for lunch.

*(Looking about.)*

Where is my nice leading man? He is not arrived yet? Non?

DIRECTOR

Huh, nice leading man! Say, he's got a limousine body with a jitney brain. I suppose he is all dolled up in his dressing room, polishing his finger nails. He's got more talent for getting 'em shiny than any man I know.

*(Sees HARRY approaching.)*

Well, Harry, good afternoon.

*(Sarcastically.)*

Don't walk so fast— there's no hurry.

HARRY

*(Yawning, polishing his finger nails on sleeve.)*

Ah, good morning, I seem to be late.

DIRECTOR

You SEEM to be late! You know damn well you're late!

PAULETTE

*(Vamping.)*

Harry, you come so late, I had lonesome feelings for

you. Is zat not nice?

DIRECTOR

Well, come on, you two, and let's get down to business. You remember the scene we rehearsed yesterday? Harry, you are very angry at Paulette because she has ben flirting with—well, a—a—gentleman. You denounce her. Now make this a good scene and you'll make the tears run down the cheeks of every man, woman and child. And you, Paulette, you vamp a little here—tell him—well—

*(Scratching his head.)*

Well, use your own judgment. Tell him anything.

PAULETTE

*(With great feeling.)*

Certainment, I am an artiste. I have no need to—what you call zat—ah, rehearse. I play as great as Sarah Bernhardt—I say just—just what is in my heart.

DIRECTOR

*(With irony.)*

Well, if it's as cracked as your head, the Lord pity us. Now remember, Harry, Ethlyn comes in here and claims you and you stride manfully away with the girl you really love, leaving Paulette to writhe in great agony. Chance for great stuff here.

*(Suddenly remembers.)*

Now where's Ethlyn? That blushing ingenue stalks in later than the star.

*(Turns, sees ETHLYN.)*

ETHLYN

*(Chewing gum—speaks in high-pitched voice.)*

Oh pshaw, I'm late! but I met the nicest lieutenant on the subway this morning and he invited me for a soda. I told him I was afraid I'd be late and we hurried so to get here he couldn't even take my arm over the crossings. But I remember the scenes perfectly, director, I'm ready.

DIRECTOR

Well, Harry, then we'll begin with you. Now on your toes, everybody. Lights! Camera!

HARRY

*(In melodramatic fashion.)*

You vampire, you. Go your degrading way and find some other heart to break. I tell you I am through. And I am going back—back to Mother!

PAULETTE

*(Snapping her fingers and shrugging shoulders.)*

As you say in English—I should be worried. I like ze men, ze men like me. I cannot help it if zey make ze eyes, comme ça.

*(Rolling eyes from side to side.)*

ETHLYN

Harry, dear, come with me. I love you.

*(Furiously chewing gum.)*

Why, I've always loved you and I will ever be true to you. Leave that horrid woman, darling, and come

with me.

*(Takes his arm and walks away.)*

PAULETTE

So, he go wiz her. He lufe her instead of me. I want him back. I lufe him mooch. I always lufe him bes' of all.

*(Sobbing.)*

I wish to die. I cannot lif' wizout him. Ah, je suis si malheureuse!

*(Stopping suddenly, turning to DIRECTOR.)*

Eh bien, director! You feel my artistic temperament, eh? Oui, I am just as great as Sarah Bernhardt. I play wiz tout mon coeur. Mais, I mus' go now. I have ze engagement.

*(Turning to HARRY.)*

Harry, we lunch at ze Vanderbilt today? Bon jour, director—Au revoir, Ethlyn—jus' remember it is not always true in real life like ze stories. You get Harry in ze play, but I get him for all time. Is it not true, Harry? Come, we go to lunch togezzer.

*(Vamping HARRY, both exit.)*

DIRECTOR

*(Sarcastically.)*

Well, there goes my overworked star. G'wan, Ethlyn, g'wan home and git yer ham sandwich, too, but remember, make up and ready at nine tomorrow.

ETHLYN

*(Sadly, chewing gum.)*

Oh, dear, there goes Harry. No, it's not always true in real life like the stories. Gee, I wish it was. Then I'd have lots of pretty things. Oh, I saw the loveliest satin gown in Macy's window. Harry might like me in it, too.

*(Sighs.)*

Well, maybe I'll be a movie star some day. But I don't think I'll ever vamp it. It's not elevating—

*(Face lights up.)*

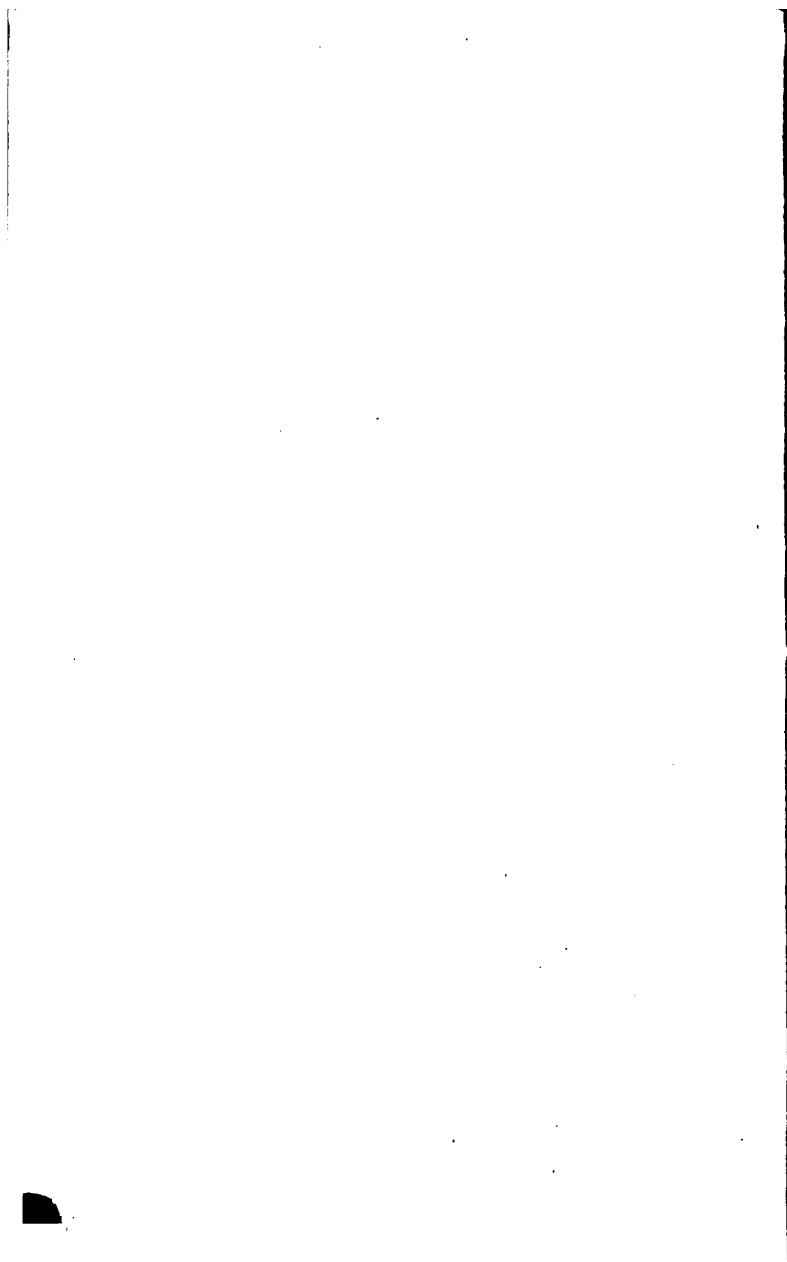
Gosh, guess I'll go an' call my lieutenant up. He's awful good looking and he ain't particular whether I'm a star or not. Well, maybe I'll be one of the white lights on Broadway—

*(Pulls out gum and laps it back into mouth with tongue. Sighs.)*

If I wait long enough.



## DAISY'S DISAPPOINTMENT



## DAISY'S DISAPPOINTMENT

(DAISY DEAN, *high kicker in a burlesque show.*  
*Comes out of stage entrance. Speaking to another chorine.*)

Oh dear, I'm glad that show's over, ain't you, Lucy? That audience just seemed to feel it in their bones that the leadin'-loidy had a bad corn. Ain't it a damn shame. I can't have a chanct to knock Broadway cold in her part? Gee, I wasted a lot of white wash on my neck and shoulders today. I don't usually clean 'em so good but I thought I vamped a regular devil down in the front row.

(*Looking up and down.*)

I don't see him holdin' up any lamp post around here.

(*Shrugs shoulders.*)

Guess he didn't care for fishing, or else he ain't got no bait.

(*Confidentially.*)

Lucy, you can't trust the men. I went out with a hardware drummer the other night—wore my new eighteen dollar satin and expected to get hiked about in a taxi. I climbed up in a tin lizzie and what da' ya think he said?

(*Imitating man.*)

"Come on, kid, get right down offen' the cushions and

walk.

*(Startled.)*

Shush! What d' ya think? here comes cutey of the front row. Just pipe the tip I'm handing him.

*(Strolling flirtatiously up to HAYSEED HAROLD, hand on hip and winking one eye.)*

Are ya down for a Summer or just passin' through? Where's the stage door?

*(Disgustedly.)*

If anybody'd trip ya' ya'd be there.

*(Aside to Lucy.)*

My Gawd, what it takes to make me happy it's a cinch he ain't got, and he sure is an aeroplane rooster—he needs some meat on his wings.

*(Haughtily to HAROLD.)*

Am I the leady loidy? Well, I may not be LEADING, but understand, I am a loidy and if you doubt it I'm going to take this here umbrella and wrap it around yer neck like it was a number thirteen collar.

*(Aside to Lucy.)*

Gee, Luce, he's dead from the neck up. If rain makes everything beautiful—why didn't it rain on him. Look at that face! His mother must of loved children to have let him lived.

*(Interrupted by HAROLD.)*

Huh? Sure we'll dine with ya.

*(Apolegetically to LUCY.)*

We gotta eat, so we might as well chaw a sandwich with him.

(*Eyeing HAROLD.*)

But he'll never get nothing past that adam's apple.

(*Looking about.*)

Let's go in here. I'm all het up fer some tripe and a glass of champagne.

(*To HAROLD.*)

By the way, kid, what's your regular nommy de plummy? Harold! Some apex, eh? Well, mine's Daisy Dean and her's is Lucy LeCote. She's French but her language is of the eyes, eh, Lucy?

(*Rolling eyes from side to side. Seating herself.*)

Pass me the a la carty.

(*Glancing over menu.*)

Waiter, bring me some viny blank. That's French, old top, but calm yourself and keep your seat, we'll quit spoutin' it. Now, let's see what I can mangey. Waiter, bring me Adam and Eve on a raft and some canned goldfish. Huh?

(*Exasperatedly.*)

That's poached eggs on toast and some salmon. Now wise up to that and sing it low.

(*At HAROLD's suggestion.*)

Desert? Sure, bring me some bisquette on the tortonies. Well, they're—they're—

(*Tries to explain what they are, but does not know.*)

Aw say, kid, yer too young and innocent, it 'ud be too bad to tell you.

(*Gasps.*)

Clams and Coney Island?

(*Sorrowfully.*)

Why didn't you mention that before? Gotta get back to the opening chorus now. When are you going to ask us again—Tomorrow? Fine—awright—come on, Luce.

(*To HAROLD, waving hand.*)

Thanks for the lay-out, old top. Bevo.

(*Walking out of restaurant. To LUCY.*)

If I had-a knowed I could-a RODE I would-a went to Coney tonight but even if I had-a went I couldn't-a et nothing.

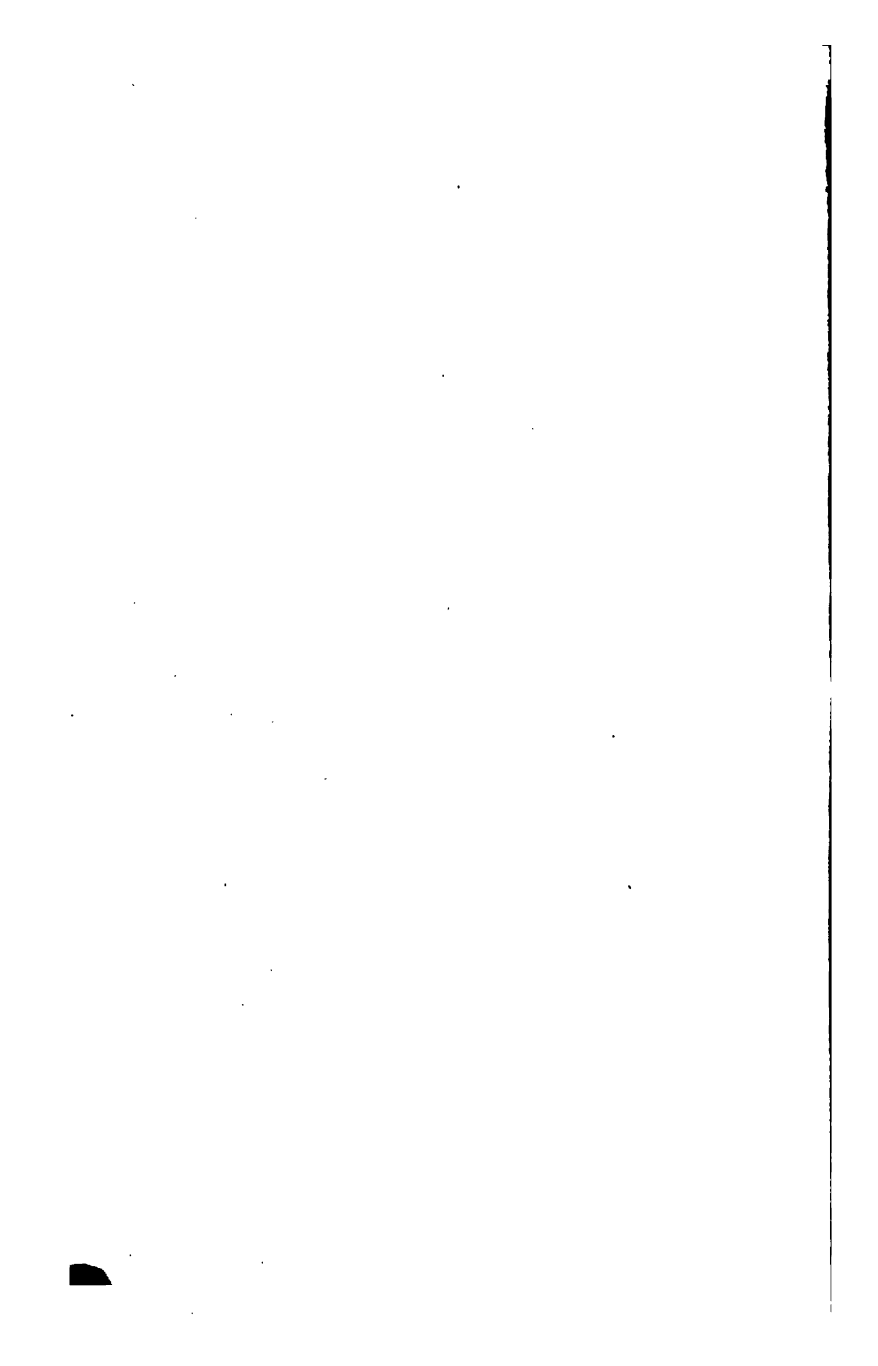
(*Sighs.*)

Well, he wasn't no regular devil.

(*Jerking hand toward HAROLD.*)

But he wasn't exactly a false alarm!

**SADIE SELECTS SOME SHOES**





## SADIE SELECTS SOME SHOES

(SADIE, *entering store with friend.*)

Whew! Awfully hot, isn't it?

(*Fanning and seating herself.*)

I 'spose the trouble with me is, I don't wear thin enough clothing, but a day like this is ideal to wear one's furs. They look so out of place and I adore wearing things that look out of place, don't you. It makes one rather ULTRA.

(*To store clerk.*)

Yes I want a pair of shoes.

(*Continuing to friend.*)

Now, Henry wears his long-sleeved flannels right into July. Oh, say, that makes me think, I've got something funny to tell you.

(*To clerk.*)

Well, any kind will do, I rather think I'd like the kind you advertised on sale in the paper.

(*Astonished.*)

The sale was over yesterday! How perfectly awful!

(*To friend.*)

I've a good mind to walk right out. Now, they advertised that sale to last from Monday to Friday and this is only Saturday. Now wouldn't you have thought they'd let it last a day over?

*(To clerk.)*

Well, show me some white buttoned shoes. My size? Four and one-half A.

*(Indignantly.)*

I can't help it if my feet look bigger, that was the size of my last pair. And I want the very latest heels.

*(To friend.)*

As I was saying, Gwendolyn, I have something funny to tell you. A fellow told me last night that I had eyes that say, "I love you," arms that say, "I want you," and lips that say, "Why don't you?" Isn't that cute? Oh, yes, I blushed awfully.

*(Giggles. To clerk.)*

Um, I'm not crazy about that style, still—you might try it on. How much is that pair?

*(Horried.)*

Eleven dollars! That's simply outrageous! Now, I paid only seven dollars for my last pair and the quality was much better.

*(Winces.)*

Ouch! be careful. Please take my shoe off easily for I have a sore foot. A corn? No indeed, simply a small sore on one of my toes. Then, I have a little bunion, but outside of that my feet are perfect.

*(Winces.)*

Ouch! put it on carefully, new shoes are always so stiff.

*(In agony but thinks of nose.)*

One feels so oozy on a day like this.

*(Taking small mirror and puff from bag.)*

Then if one has too much complexion on, it slips.

*(Powdering nose.)*

I cannot take the shine off my nose.

*(To clerk.)*

Oh, yes! the shoes—where is a mirror, please?

*(Limps over to foot mirror, still looking in small hand glass; speaks to friend.)*

Do you like this hat, Gwendolyn? I don't know as I'm especially wild about this shape on me. But it was the only thing that would do at all at that sale which I felt I must take advantage of. Oh yes! the shoes—Oh, I don't know as I'm insane about these shoes, are you Gwendolyn? Still, I simply haven't the energy to run around and look further, and these do fit perfectly.

*(To clerk.)*

I believe I'll take them. Let me see, you said eleven dollars? It breaks my heart to think of it, but I 'spose I'll have to pay it.

*(Opening bag.)*

Oh, do you think I have a pretty foot, Gwendolyn? It is rather small for my size, four and one-half A.

*(To clerk.)*

What—these are five and three-quarters B? Why the very idea! The thought is simply preposterous! I'll not think of taking them!! When I can wear at the very largest four and one-half A, I'll not think of disgracing myself by wearing five and three-quarters.

B. Come, Gwendolyn, I'm all unstrung. Let's go to the Automat and get some ice cream.

(*Exits.*)

**A SIDEWALK CONTROVERSY  
IN THE GHETTO**



## A SIDEWALK CONTROVERSY IN THE GHETTO

(MRS. EINSTEIN *seating herself in a chair and gasping.*)

My Gawd! Papa, but dis heat iss terrible, 's terrible! I ain't sweat so much since I vashed Mrs. Rosenblum's bed quivilts und done up de front vindow curtains last Fourth from July.

(*Stopping suddenly and shouting.*)

Rosie, I say No—If you take vun more dem dam ice cream cones I svat yer setting-down place.

(*Excitedly.*)

Papa, Papa, tell Rosie to quvit. Our childer run vild on dese streets!

(*Pleadingly to JAKEY in gutter.*)

Jakey, I vish you vould squvat down und fan your Mama.

(*Shaking finger at him.*)

She stood up for vun hour baking you dat apple cake for supper und den you never even say, "Dank you"—

(*Sharply.*)

Jakey, vere are your shoes und stockings?

(*Disgustedly.*)

Look, Papa, look at him run off vith dem fellers swing-ing dem tin cans.

(*Sighs.*)

Vind on de legs ain't healthful for nobody.

(*Threateningly.*)

He needs he shall get hit off by some vun.

(*Yawns and smiles broadly.*)

Good evening, Mrs. Cohen. Ain't it hot, uh? No, I ain't vashed my dishes neither. I make Sadie do 'em tomorrow.

(*Stares across street, throws up both hands.*)

Oi, Mrs. Cohen look at dat terrible dress Yetta Ler-kowitz is vearing.

(*Illustrating her words.*)

The top of it meets the bottom with notting between. By me, I tell Ikey Morris' Mama vat kind of voman he makes lofe to.

(*Startled, looking up, hand over one eye.*)

Vell, vat do you tink of dat now? I get vun drips right in de eye from Mrs. Bernstein's pant leg. By me, I get tired from having to squvat under her vash efery day. She gets notting like dat by me. I vash vun time de month und hang Papa's pants by the window.

Rosie—

(*Beckoning to her.*)

Mama say cum now und squvat down und get cool. Dere,

(*Patting her head.*)

lean against your mama's knee.

(*Scrutinizing ROSIE's face.*)

Vat's eating you now vith dat terrible look you got?



*(Furious.)*

Eva Kindansky said ve ain't got noddings? Ve ain't have by us no monies? Vat you care vat she tinks? Next time Eva comes I svat her.

*(Settling back into chair and sighing.)*

Papa, wouldn't it be vunderful ven ve get presperations to have a team of horses und a carriage und drive tru de cool mountains, me driving und you in de back seat vith de kids? Ven ve get going good—

*(Interrupted by ROSIE.)*

No, Rosie, you can't sit by the front seat. You sit back vith your Papa

*(Continuing.)*

Und ven I say "Giddap" to dem horses, Papa—No, Rosie, I say no, I got all I can do vatching dem svift curves. You sit vith your Papa.

*(Continuing.)*

Ven ve get running real good—

*(More excitedly.)*

Rosie, I say No, don't ask me again!

*(Continuing.)*

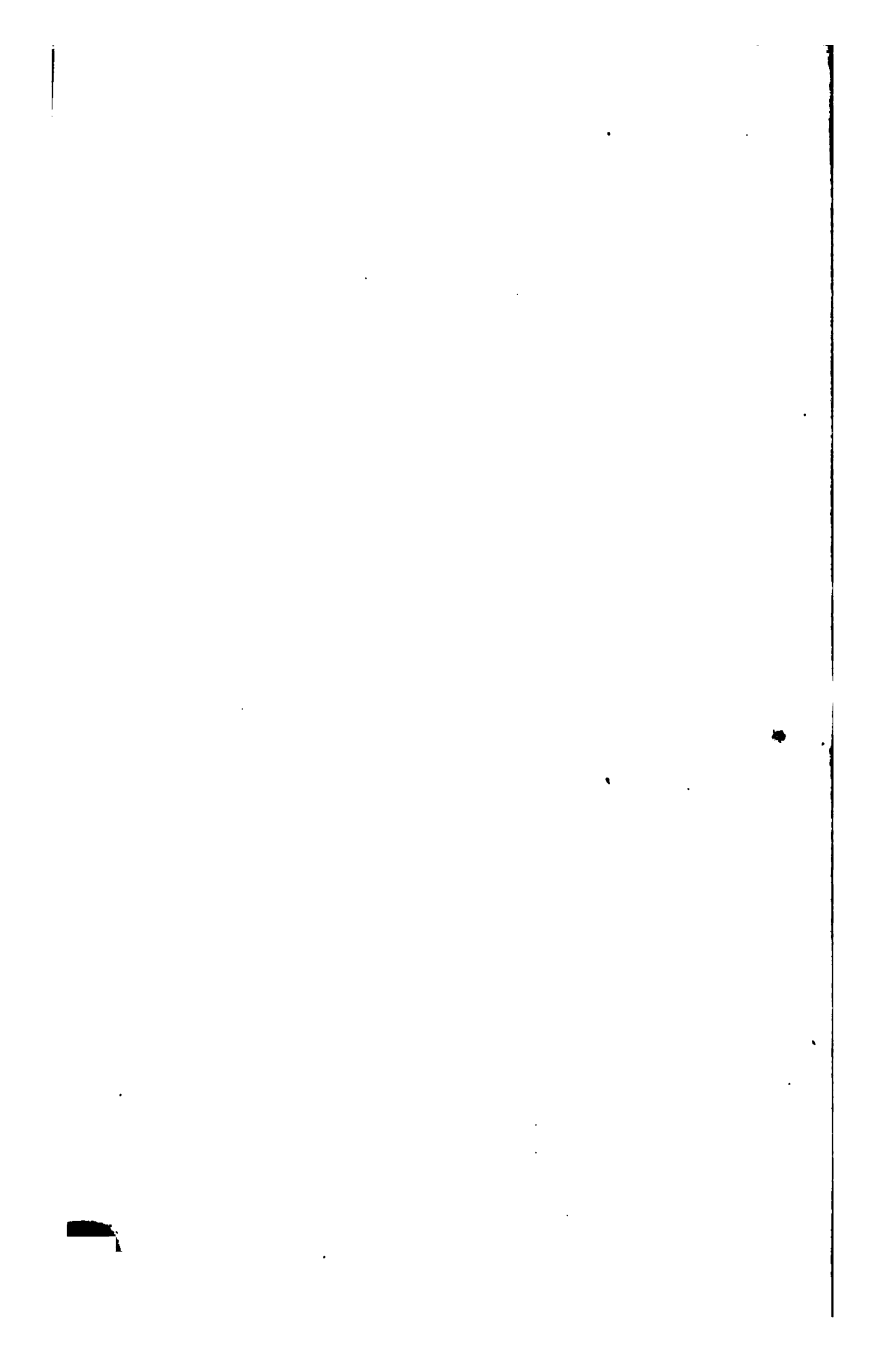
Dem horses get running—

*(Right on edge.)*

I told you No,—you can't—Rosie! just for dat get right down out of dat carriage!

*(Collecting herself.)*

Vell, vat do you tink of my imaginations, Papa? Ve ain't got no horses but I got the villies. Vat? Sure ve go to de movies if I ain't sveat so much I stick by his chair.



**MEN ARE SO EASY**



## MEN ARE SO EASY

*(Parlor—hot summer night. JANE, rolling her handkerchief into a tight ball, dabs at her cheeks and forehead.)*

Now, WHAT'S the matter, Rob? You seem so strange tonight and you act so sort of queer and uncomfortable.

*(With a sigh, plucking at handkerchief.)*

Oh, well, I s'pose it's the weather. These hot nights always do make one feel rather——

*(Breaking off and stepping back as if disengaging herself from his arms.)*

Now, please don't do that again, Rob. You're too rough, and besides, you'll muss my hair. 'Course, as I'm going to bed right away it doesn't matter much, but it bothers me to have it all flying about in my eyes. What!

*(Exasperated.)*

Why, the very idea! I thought I'd been ESPECIALLY nice to you this evening and now you say I'M the one that's acted funny.

*(Shrugs shoulders, turns away.)*

But that's the way with men. They always blame the woman. Well, I'm sorry you haven't enjoyed yourself. Huh? Well, you don't act as if you had, any-

way. Why didn't you spend the evening with Madge Lawson? SHE'LL let you muss her hair as much as you like.

*(With sudden energy and looking at wrist watch.)*

Honestly, Rob, I've so much to do tomorrow, you've just GOT to go. Besides, you look uncomfortable and you don't hold my interest when you act like that. Oh look! catch that mosquito, will you. See him flying about? No, no, wait a minute. I think he's lit on your forehead. I guess I can kill him if you'll just hold still.

*(Cautiously creeps over and whacks at mosquito.)*

There! Thank heaven I got him. Now brush him off, Rob, for he's not especially becoming.

*(Fanning and seating herself.)*

Oh, how I hate these hot sticky nights.

*(Holding up handkerchief.)*

Look at my poor hanky—it's only a string. I bet my nose shines and the wave is all out of my hair.

*(In a resigned tone.)*

Well, I see you won't budge, so I'LL go and let you mope here all by yourself.

*(Begins to get tragic.)*

Strange, isn't it, about you! You swore you were always going to please me and now you've hurt me terribly. No,

*(Warning him off.)*

don't ask me what it is, for I won't tell you—only

this much—something is wrong, seriously wrong.

*(Beginning to get tearful.)*

But I guess it will come out all right. It's got to, for it means everything to me.

*(Wiping her eyes.)*

Far more than you could ever understand or realize.

*(Looking innocent.)*

Why, you haven't DONE anything—that's just the point. It's simply got to be settled here and now, for it's too vital an issue in my life to be passed lightly over.

*(Dejectedly twisting her handkerchief, with continued emotion.)*

If I tell you, you'll probably go and say I'm foolish. But if you do, that will show all the more that we aren't suited to each other and that you can't appreciate my viewpoint.

Well—well—

*(With great emphasis)*

well—you know how often I've asked you to stand up straight and throw your shoulders back, and this morning at tennis you didn't do it.

*(Triumphantly glaring at him.)*

There now! Anything I've asked you to do before you've always done, so I can see it's the beginning of the end. You don't care about pleasing me. But don't worry, I'll not ask you to again

*(Voice breaks.)*

for now we've got to say good-bye.

*(With surprise.)*

Why, Rob, what a thing for you to say, "My God, what a relief!" I don't see why you should be so relieved. This is a very important matter—with ME, anyway, and for you to scoff like that simply means that you are frothy and can't look the serious things of life in the face.

*(In a petulant tone.)*

Oh yes, Rob, I might forgive you, but the whole thing is too upsetting. You know my temperament can't stand nervous strains, and when men come to call on me I want to feel I shall enjoy the evening.

*(Rising, taking a few steps from him, then turning and facing him.)*

Now, I'll try you once more, but after this you'll have to try doubly hard to please me.

*(Slowly.)*

And I s'pose I do forgive you, for it's always the woman who suffers and forgives. But please go home now.

*(Heaving deep sigh.)*

I am simply exhausted. Goodnight, Rob, and remember

*(Shaking finger at him.)*

—throw your shoulders back.

*(Closing door after him, giggles.)*

Well, I can certainly worry him all right.

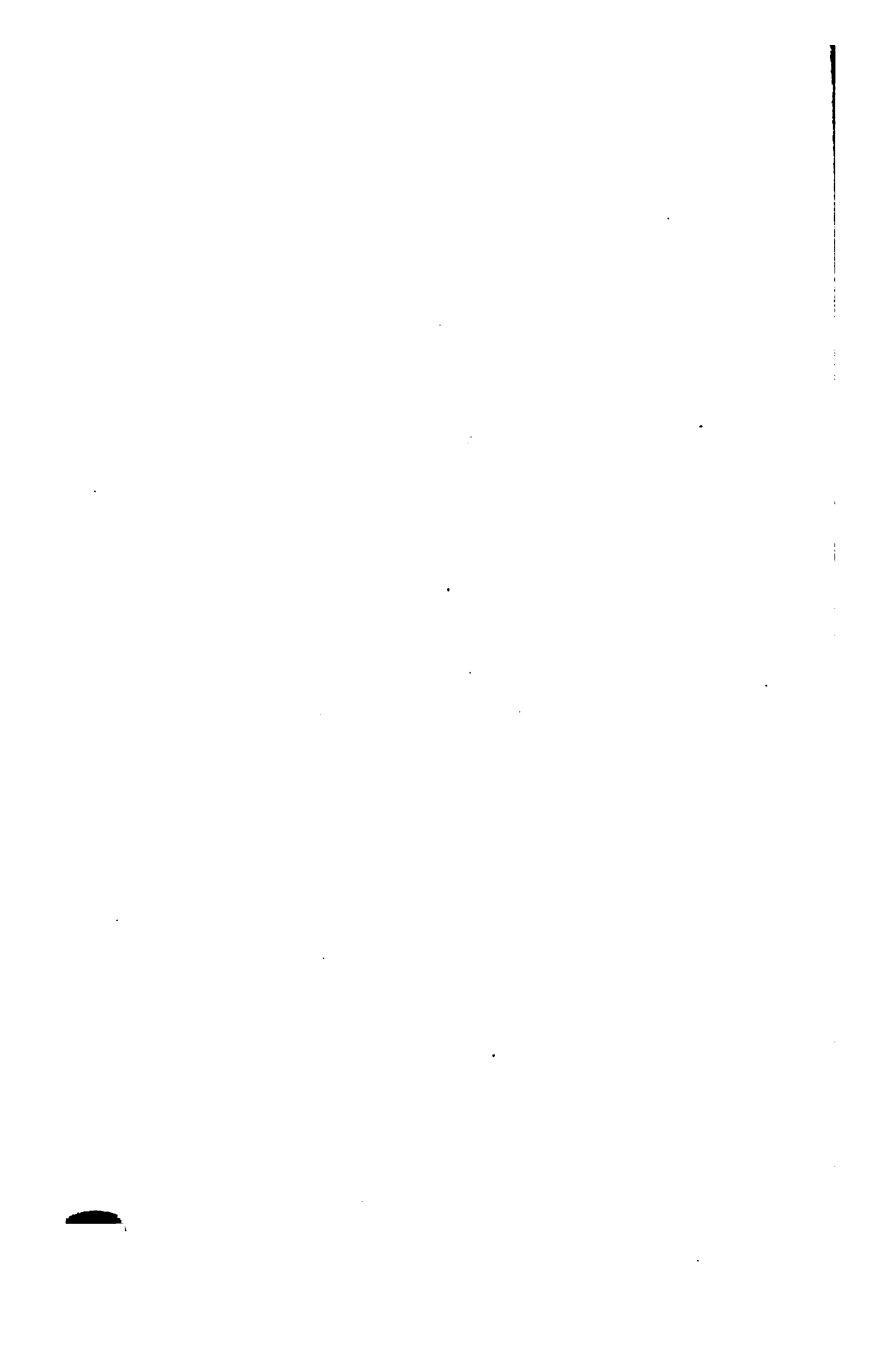
*(With annoyance)*

But heavens, how I do hate always winning my point.



*(Determinedly.)*

But I think this test has settled it. I'm going to choose the Captain, for he's more of a cave man, and besides, half the time he doesn't treat me very nice. Oh pshaw! Life's certainly uninteresting if men are so easy.



## AT THE BALL GAME



## AT THE BALL GAME

*(Lady, climbing grand stand seats with deaf old man.)*

Now, be careful, Uncle Jonah, and don't slip.

*(Hand to mouth in louder voice.)*

I said BE CAREFUL and not slip.

*(Speaking to some one, in front of whom they are passing.)*

Pardon me, please. We're just looking for our seats. We haven't found them yet.

*(Catching sight of a friend three rows ahead.)*

Oh, Uncle Jonah, there's Mr. Smith!

*(Calling.)*

Mr. Smith—woo-hoo—Mr. Smith.

*(Waving hand.)*

Hello, yes we're here to see the game. Well, we're just looking for them. We haven't found them yet.

*(To person in front of whom they are standing.)*

Pardon me? Well, I'm going to find our seats in a moment. We're just looking for them. The game hasn't started yet, so I can't see that we are obstructing any view.

*(To Uncle Jonah, sotto voice, through cupped hands.)*

The man's mad because we don't sit down, but I told

him we were just looking for our seats.

*(Gushingly.)*

Oh, Mr. Smith, I hope we sit near you and then we can talk.

*(To man.)*

Pardon me, please.

*(Walks along short distance, helping Uncle Jonah.)*

Oh, here they are!

*(Louder voice to Uncle Jonah.)*

Isn't it nice we're so near Mr. Smith. When will the game begin?

*(Louder.)*

I say when—oh, never mind—it's not important.

*(More Distinctly.)*

It's not important.

*(Calling Mr. Smith.)*

Mr. Smith, when will the game begin? Oh, that's good. How's Mrs. Smith? Do you know whether the dressmaker has finished her blue dress or not? I'm anxious to borrow her. Oh no, not your wife,—the dressmaker.

*(In softer voice and avoiding Uncle Jonah.)*

Mr. Smith, you know Uncle Jonah is so deaf it's hard to take him anywhere.

*(Confused, to Uncle Jonah.)*

Oh no, Uncle Jonah I didn't say that. I said it was so NICE to take you out. You misunderstood me.

*(Aside.)*

I don't understand how it is, deaf people always hear at the wrong time.

*(Face lights up.)*

Oh, they're going to begin!

*(Moves back and forth, trying to see past man in front who is also moving about. To Uncle Jonah.)*

I wish that man in front wouldn't keep moving about.

*(Louder.)*

I say, I wish—oh, never mind, it's not important—it's not important. Uncle Jonah, is that the pitcher that stands out there in the middle? I hope he makes a home run.

*(As an after-thought to self.)*

Oh, that makes me think!

*(Calling.)*

Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith, are you going right home after the game? Well, I wonder if you'd mind taking your wife a message? Tell her that the Ladies' Aid are meeting at Mrs. Williams' instead of my house—I'm having my floors waxed.

*(Turns to man at side.)*

Well, I'm very sorry I'm annoying you, but I've got as much right to talk as you have.

*(Back to Mr. Smith.)*

Oh, Mr. Smith, I just wanted to finish telling you that I'm having my floors waxed and I can't very well have a lot of people around tracking them up. Thank

you.

*(Again moving about dodging man in front.)*

Dear me, I don't seem to be able to see a thing for this man. He keeps wiggling about.

*(To Uncle Jonah, in louder voice.)*

I wish this man in front wouldn't keep jumping up and down. I don't see anything to get excited over.

*(Speaking to man who has turned to glare at her.)*

Yes, I mean you—I can see that no GENTLEMEN ever attend ball games.

*(Glaring back at him.)*

Please turn round and stop staring at me.

*(Sweetly to man at side.)*

Pardon me, I wonder if you would mind moving over just a little? I can't see anything, for this man in front. He keeps jumping up and down. Oh, thank you so much!

*(Moves over and obviously listens to his conversation. Then turns to Uncle Jonah.)*

The man next to me says they caught a fly down there. Does he mean a bug? I don't see any around here. Oh, it's a ball.

*(Disgustedly.)*

I don't see what all these people are getting excited over. Wonder if I can see any one else I know.

*(Looks all around, hesitates. To Uncle Jonah.)*

My goodness, I believe that's Mr. Elliot over there. Guess I'll try and attract his attention.



*(Calls.)*

Mr. Elliot, Mr. Elliot——

*(Waves arms and knocks off hat of man in front.)*

Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to knock your hat off.

*(Calls again loudly.)*

Mr. Elliot!——Oh, excuse me, I thought you were a friend of mine.

*(To Uncle Jonah.)*

It wasn't Mr. Elliot after all, but he had the same kind of funny little mustache.

*(Yawns.)*

Oh dear! I've never been so bored in all my life. Uncle Jonah, would you mind very much if we went home? I don't think it's very good here for your rheumatism.

*(Louder.)*

I say, I don't think it's very good for your rheumatism. Oh, that's fine then. Come on.

*(Rising, to man at side.)*

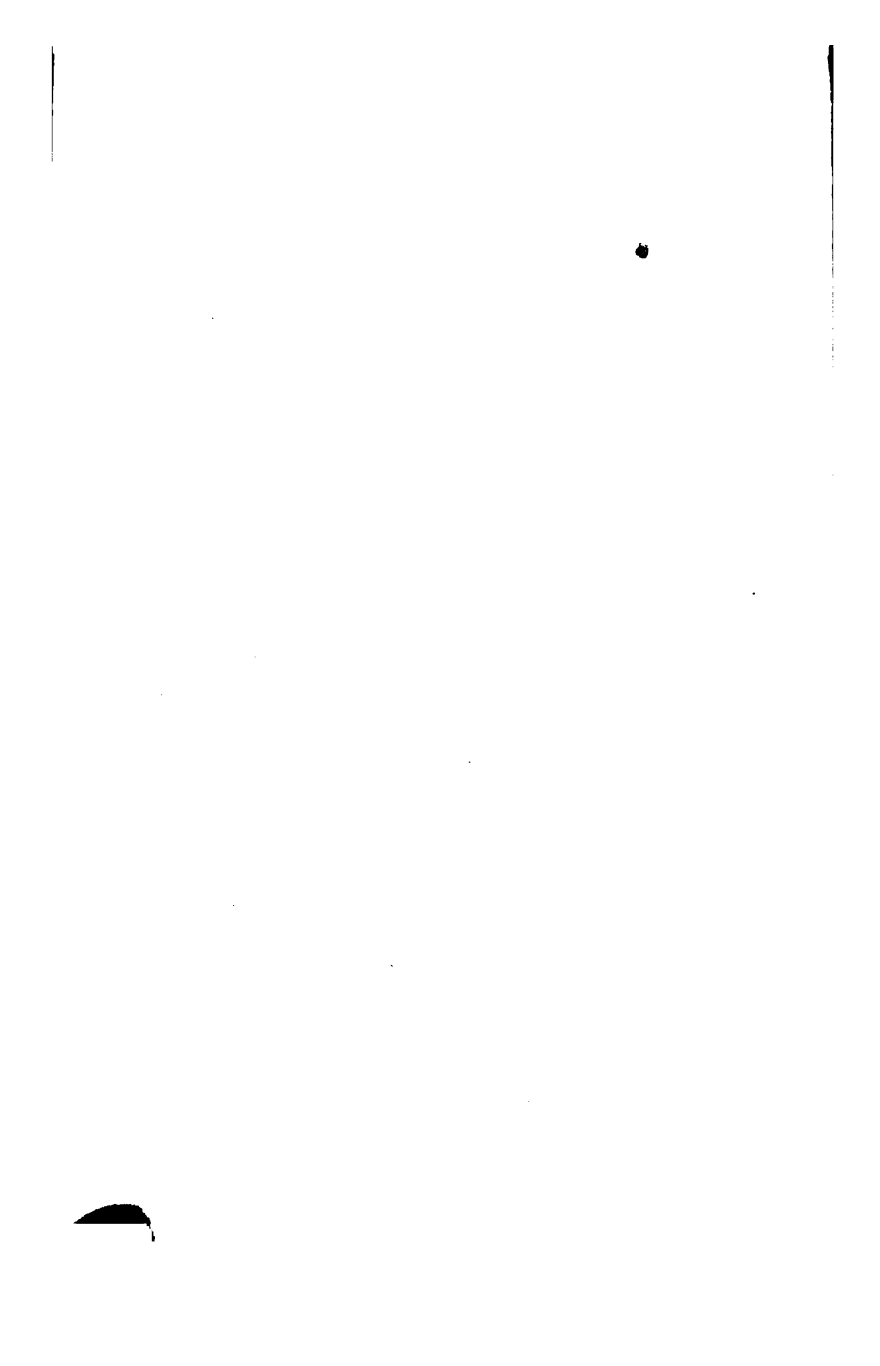
Pardon us, please.

*(Calling.)*

Goodby, Mr. Smith. Uncle Jonah's afraid of catching cold so we're going home. Goodby!

*(To man.)*

Pardon us, please.



# THE CHURCH RUMMAGE SALE



## THE CHURCH RUMMAGE SALE

*(Woman turning articles on counter over and over.)*

Pardon me a moment, please.

*(Pulling article away from another woman.)*

I beg your pardon, but I had hold of this undershirt five minutes ago and I only laid it down for a moment to see if I could find a larger size.

*(In arguing tone.)*

Well, I'm very sorry, Madame.

*(Turns impatiently to woman on other side.)*

Will you please stop pushing me?

*(Continuing to former woman.)*

I'm very sorry, Madame, but this is the only undershirt here and I came ESPECIALLY for one.

*(To clerk behind counter.)*

Pardon me, could you please tell me how much this undershirt is? Fifty cents! Oh, that's ridiculous. Here, Madame, you can have it after all. For that price I could buy a new one. Dorothy,

*(Looking down at child, speaks shortly.)*

will you stop pulling Mama's skirt? Yes, Mama will buy you a doll if she sees one.

*(Shaking her finger at her.)*

Mercy, don't wipe your sucker on that lady's dress!

Mama spank if you don't be good.

*(To clerk.)*

Would you be kind enough to hand me that coat over there? No, the one next to that.

*(Pointing.)*

Yes, the one with the green band around the neck. Thank you.

*(Holding up coat and examining it. To lady at side.)*

Why, I don't know how much it is. I haven't looked at it yet. Well, I'll let you see it when I'm through

*(Action indicating that crowd is pushing her back and forth. Speaks sharply to child.)*

Yes, Dorothy, Mama's going home in just a minute.

*(Glaring back at woman.)*

Would you mind letting go of this coat?

*(To clerk.)*

How much is this, please? You see, there are several holes in it and the lining's badly torn. Fifty cents! Why the very idea! I'll never give fifty cents for that thing. Here, Madame, you may have the coat if you like.

*(Again pawing over counter.)*

Now, Dorothy, stop wiping your hands on that doggie. No, Mama said, you couldn't have another sucker, but she'll give you a penny and you can buy some nice gum.

*(Again lifting up things and pulling them down and pawing over counter. Her eyes get big*

*with astonishment as she sees something on counter and she speaks to clerk, pointing.)*

That table spread, please.

*(Pointing.)*

No, the one with the roses and thistles. Thank you.

*(Gasping.)*

Why, that's the spread I gave to Mrs. Weston for her Christmas present. How much is this bringing? Ten Cents!!! And it took me five months to embroider it.

*(Impatiently.)*

Keep still, Dorothy. Mama's just had a terrible shock. Yes, yes, you may buy another sucker if you'll only keep still.

*(Spying Mrs. Weston, speaks in a sarcastically sweet voice.)*

Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Weston! I see you appreciated my Christmas present, didn't you? They are selling it here valued at TEN CENTS.

*(In a triumphant voice.)*

But if you will only take the trouble to look through these things you will find the neck scarf you gave me and it's valued at only a NICKLE.

*(Angrily.)*

Dorothy, stop stepping on Mama's feet and use your handkerchief. I said USE YOUR HANDKERCHIEF. You haven't any? Well, then you'll have to use Mama's.

*(After searching through bag.)*

Mama's hasn't any, so use this table scarf.

*(Seeing friend.)*

Oh, hello, Marjorie! Yes, I thought I'd take a run in, too. I'm looking for some new window curtains. Charming dress you're wearing. But you always did look so well in rose. Oh, there's Mrs. Prescott, chairman of the Sales Committee.

*(Gushing.)*

How do you do, Mrs. Prescott. How are the receipts coming along? Oh, that's too bad. And the cause is SUCH a worthy one.

*(Enthusiastically.)*

Of course, I wanted to come and help swell the fund. Oh yes, I have my eye on SEVERAL things. It's so hard though, to go shopping with Dorothy. After she's eaten three or four suckers, she always begins to cry.

*(Suddenly attracted by article on another counter.)*

Mrs. Prescott, isn't that the statue my Sunday school class presented the minister with a few years ago? I thought it was unusually lovely. But ministers aren't used to having nice things. Where are the toys, Mrs. Prescott. Oh, yes. Come on, Dorothy. Stop crying and Mama will show you the toys.

*(Moving away to another counter.)*

Isn't that a lovely woolly dog? No, Mama won't buy it for you because you have your teddy bear to play with. No,

*(Spanking hand.)*

mustn't touch. Well, Mama doesn't like those dollies.



She'll buy you a nicer one tomorrow that doesn't cost so much. Now, if you stop crying I'll give you a penny.

*(Crossly.)*

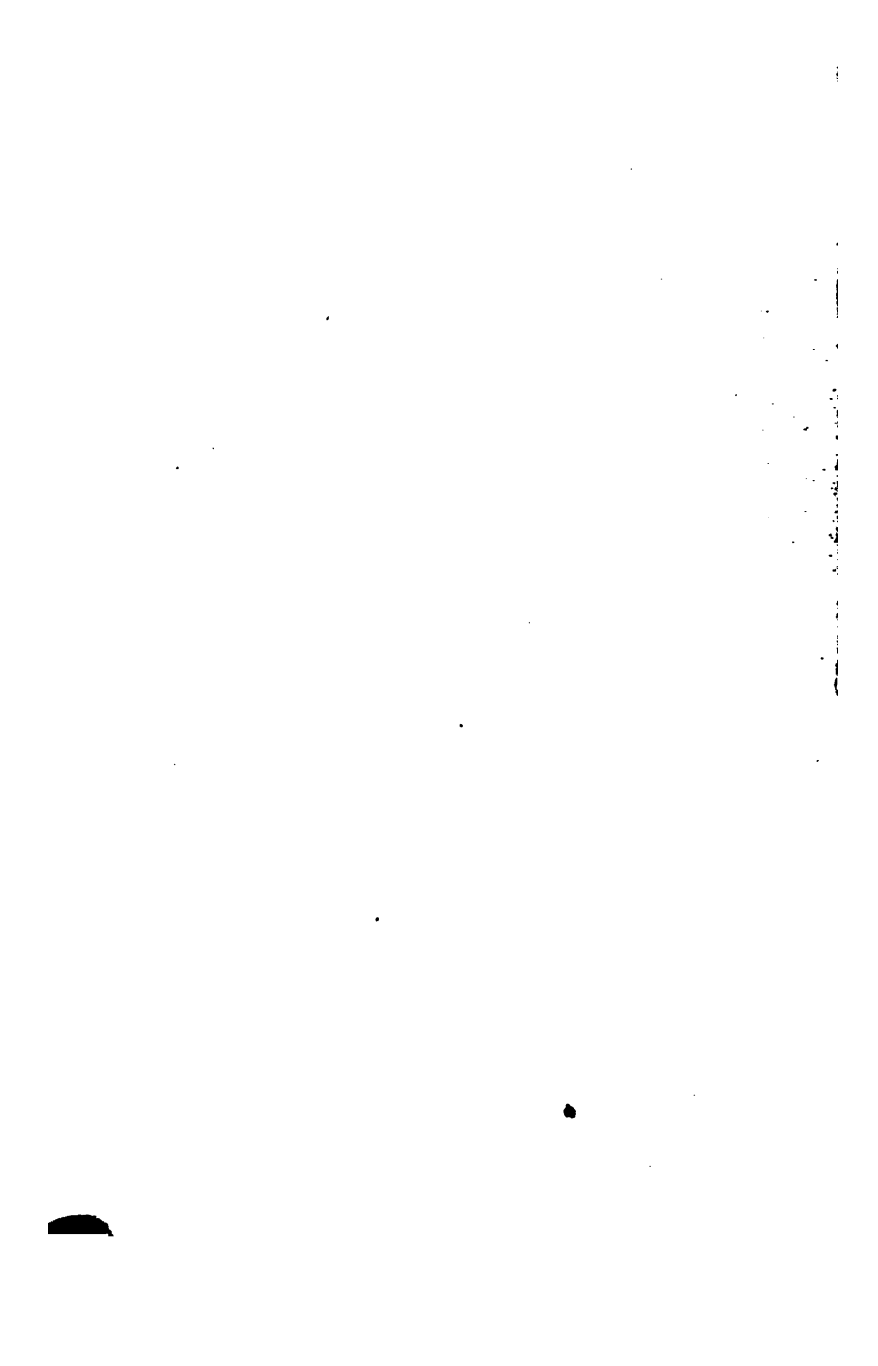
PLEASE keep still Dorothy and Mama will buy you another sucker. Oh, dear! Mrs. Prescott, Dorothy is so tired. I'll have to take her home, I guess. Goodby! Oh, I do hope you make a lot of money, for the cause is SUCH a worthy one.

*(As she goes out she says.)*

No, Dorothy, Mama's decided not to give you the penny because you cried and made Mama come away when she wanted to pick up some bargains.



IN A PULLMAN CAR



## IN A PULLMAN CAR

*(Child of twelve sitting in seat, staring out of window. There is a vacant seat beside her and the opposite one is piled high with wraps, bundles and baggage. Turns to speak to woman who asks to sit in vacant seat.)*

Well, this seat is taken.

*(Indicating seat beside her.)*

Yes, this is my mother's seat and she'll be back in just a moment.

*(Hesitates.)*

Well, my mother said not to let anyone sit down here and anyway she'll be back in just a moment.

*(Reluctantly.)*

All right then, but you'll have to get up when she comes.

*(Again stares out of window. Suddenly turns to woman who is sitting beside her.)*

Look at my shoes.

*(Holding up feet.)*

They're all scuffed out. My mother paid nine dollars for them, too, and she said she really couldn't afford it. I wouldn't of gotten 'em but we're moving. My father's an Army Officer and he only gets \$175 a month. We've always lived in Plattsburgh, but he's

been ordered to Baltimore—

*(Suddenly breaking off and pointing to coat on opposite seat.)*

D'ya like that coat? My grandmother embroidered that and she paid three dollars just for the wool. My mother says I have to wear it three years. I've never seen New York, have you? But my mother says I can see it as we pass through. My father had a fight with the Colonel. That's why we have to move to Baltimore. My father overdrew his pay, but he had to, for we had so many bills.

*(Sees Candy and Fruit Vender coming down aisle. Sighs.)*

Oh dear, I wish I had some candy.

*(To Candy Vender.)*

No, I don't think I want any. What kind have you got?

*(To woman beside her.)*

Could you loan me ten cents until my mother comes?

*(Beaming.)*

Oh, thank you!

*(To Candy Vender.)*

Let me see, I think I'll take a chocolate bar.

*(Takes candy, begins to eat it.)*

This is awfully good candy.

*(Munching it heartily and swinging feet.)*

I'm not allowed to eat candy. I like sodas better, only they cost fifteen cents now. Do you like candy? Well, then, you ought to buy yourself some.

(*Sees mother.*)

Oh, here comes my mother. You'll have to get up now  
and give her her seat.

(*Beaming.*)

Goodby. Thank you for the candy.

